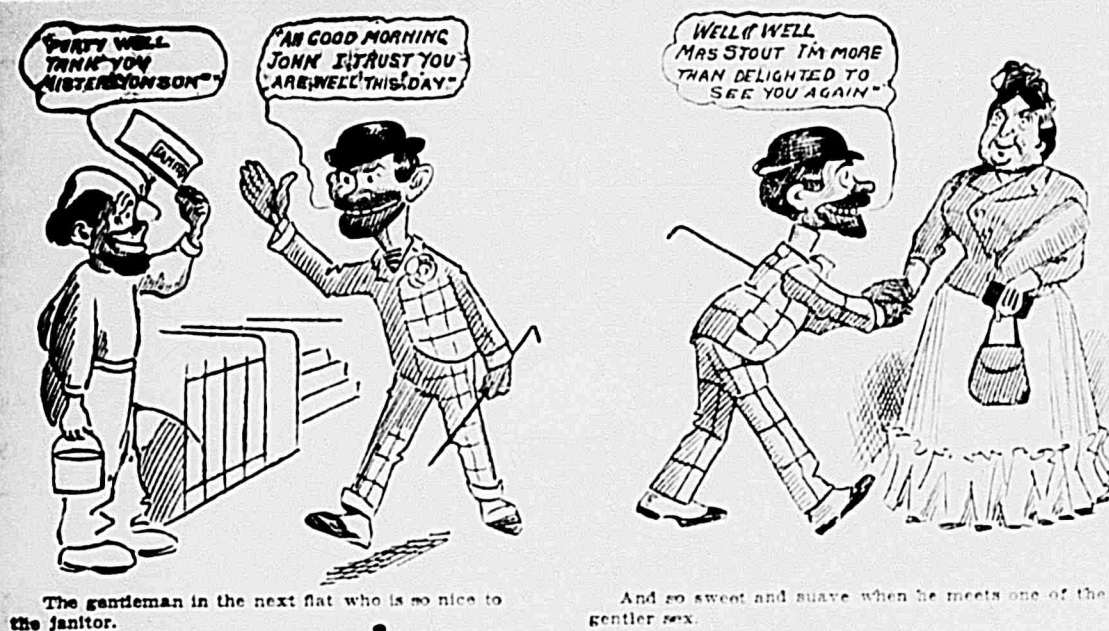


NEIGHBORS YOU MAY HAVE KNOWN.

By T. E. POWERS.



The gentleman in the next flat who is so nice to the janitor.

And so sweet and suave when he meets one of the gentler sex.



Who is a Chesterfield in his slightest act.

And so considerate of the happiness of others.



Never reveals himself in his real character except in his own home, where he flicks his wife regularly every night to give him an appetite for his supper.

SOME SECRETS OF BEAUTY REVEALED BY AN EXPERT. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

Try a Carbolic Soap.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: Please give me a formula or remedy for the following facial ailment: I am nineteen and have big pores and holes in my face. I also have an itching and biting sensation at times. I now use a witch hazel soap as treatment.

ABE SNIDERER.

GET a good carbolic acid soap and use it to bathe your face. A Turkish wash cloth is better in this case than a scrubbing brush. Dip the cloth in warm water, rub the soap on it, and wash the face. This will cure the itching. After that has ceased the treatment for enlarged pores will in time cure them. You must recollect that enlarged

pores have been forming for years. They cannot be cured, or brought to a normal condition in a day or a week. It takes a long time to cure enlarged pores, and the only way I know of is by the use of the scrubbing brush and a pure hygienic soap. By this process the pores, which have become enlarged by the clogged secretions, are kept free and gradually they will contract and become normal in size. I know of thousands of cures effected in this manner.

The Bleach of Commerce.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: Please publish the face bleach and also state if it is harmless. A druggist told me it may do more harm than good.

E. L. N.

THE face bleach is practically the same as many bleaches upon the market. If used with discretion it is harmless. Sometimes it will remove liver patches, but if the liver itself is diseased it will be only temporarily effective.

FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

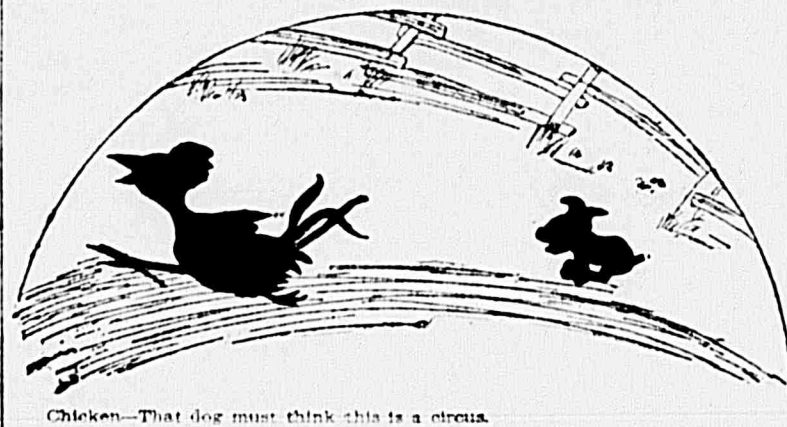
The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.

To cut the shirt waist in medium size 3 3-4 yards of material 21 inches wide. 3 1-2 yards 27 inches wide. 2 3-4 yards 32



wide, or 3 1-4 yards 44 inches wide will be required. Pattern No. 831, sizes 22 to 40, sent for 10 cents. Send money to "Cashier, The World," 100 Broadway, New York City.

FUN IN THE FARM YARD.



Chicken—That dog must think this is a circus.

THE WORLD.

VOL. 41. NO. 14,531.

Published by the Press Publishing Company, 53 to 61 PARK ROW, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

A CHARMING PICTURE—AND ANOTHER.

A charming picture Lavinia Hart drew in yesterday's World of the new Mrs. Herron—young, beautiful, rich, happily loving and happily devoted to a Cause. A sunny, smiling picture.

In the background was another picture, unseen. It was that of the first Mrs. Herron, left without the husband who had sworn to cleave unto her till death; of his four children left fatherless.

There is something attractive to ardent souls in the idea of "despising conventions," "living one's life freely," heeding only "the law of love."

But what is a "convention?" It is crystallized experience. It is the essence of the social wisdom of centuries. It is not a theory, but a rule for living derived from life itself.

And what is "freedom?" Another's freedom ends where yours begins. If his free act wrongs you he is not free to act.

And what is the "law of love?" Mrs. Herron herself states it: "I love humanity. I want to see everybody happy."

Try the fine-sounding ideals by that test. Do they tend to make everybody happy? Is there behind the pretty picture no sad background?

CATS, DOGS, COOKING CLASSES.

In a Sunday World very instructive article upon the cat and dog hospital was this sentence:

More dogs come to the hospital because they are subject to acute indigestion than for any other malady.

The Bergh people have treated 30,000 New York dogs for "fits"—meaning indigestion—by keeping them without food, but with plenty of water, until they get well. The same treatment cures cats.

Living naturally, eating naturally, dogs never have indigestion. But idle lives and average American cooking are too much for them.

Of course bad cooking isn't good for men, either; but they can abolish it if they wish. Dogs can't.

No other physical need compares in importance with good cooking of plain food. The body, the mind, even the moral nature, suffer from unintelligent cooking, not to speak of its money cost, which is in the aggregate stupendous.

It is therefore a cheering fact that 15,000 girls in thirty-eight day schools and six night schools of Manhattan-Bronx are taught cookery. Every school built in the past three years has a model kitchen for lessons. Cooking is taught in the Normal School and the Teachers' College to young women who will teach others. In Brooklyn the Pratt Institute has cooking classes, and the Girls' High School has just awarded a gold medal for the best bread made by a pupil.

The good wrought by cooking classes—quietly, easily, cheaply—is incalculable.

It means a speedier end to the cookery that kills, the cookery that has cursed the American people from the beginning. It is the opinion of many competent judges that the strongest evidence of the greatness of the American people is their amazing accomplishments in face of the handicap of their cooking. If we have done so much in spite of our bad cooking, what will we not do when we have cooking worthy of us and helpful to us?

DO YOU KNOW YOUR NEW YORK?

Do you know all the historic sites below Wall street? Or between Wall and Chambers? In old Greenwich? On the Bowery? Do you know your New York? But to know her better would be to love and serve her better.

Upon this theory the City History Club, founded five years ago by Mrs. Robert Abbe, has undertaken to teach the city about itself.

It has fifty-three active classes; it arranges courses of instruction in the east-side "settlements;" it loans libraries of books on city history; it leads excursions, mainly of young people, to points of historic interest.

"I want to hear more about the great men of New York and TO LEARN TO BE ONE MYSELF" is what a Sullivan street pupil said about the teachings of the club.

The total annual cost of the work is about that of a rather poor box for the opera season. But that is because a group of cultured and earnest men and women devote to it their time and their zeal without price.

DID SHE KNOW?

Mr. Brattle—I'm going to bring Cadeleigh home to dinner on Thursday. Mrs. Brattle—Why, I thought you hated that fellow so. Besides, I'll have to cook the dinner on Thursday.

Mr. Brattle—Yes, I know.—Philadelphia Press.

MODESTY OF A BOSTONESE.

"You admit her many good qualities, and yet claim that modesty is a fault with her?" "In such excess, yes. Why, she won't put books by male and female authors on the same compartment of her bookcase."—Philadelphia Times.

THE SUCCESS OF SMAMS BY LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily News Pub. Co.)

THE arrival of Smams in our town was as quiet as it was modest. He had been resting a half hour or more on a box in front of a store when Mr. Samuel Wool, the proprietor of the store, came out and took a good look at him. Mr. Wool knew nearly everybody in the county, but not this youth. So he began:

"Well, young man, anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, sir," he replied. "You can give me a job."

"What is there anything you want?"

"Yes, sir. A job."

After a moment Mr. Wool said: "My

thing that Smams was not. He spent time on his mistake than on his intellect, and he relied supreme in the hearts of the village belles. He did not like Smams and Smams had hard times in discussing his feelings toward him. One evening as he was returning from the library after an hour with the papers and periodicals, he met a crowd of young men on the corner, and in the midst of them was his fellow-clerk, who was telling of his conquests among the girls of the town. His boasts were in a way indirect, but none the less offensive to a man of Smams's rigidly right manhood, and when this clerk mentioned among his conquests the name of his employer's daughter Smams advanced quietly and said:

"You're a liar, and a contemptible liar at that."

"Anybody who calls me a liar has got to fight," said the hero of hearts. Then his admiring companions decided that they would support him in the fray. Smams said nothing.

There was a little pause and then the hero of hearts made a sudden movement that took Smams slightly unaware. The other young men crowded into the proceedings and the results became interesting. When they ended some of the nice young men were nursing their injuries and Smams was marching quietly toward his home.

It disturbed his conscience a bit, but he slept well. The next morning his employer told him that he would have to take charge of the store, as the clerk had been seized with a sudden illness and would not be out for a day or so. Other sudden illnesses were also reported that morning in the village.

But Smams was well—extremely well. He took charge of the store, and he never surrendered the control.

Of course the facts about the little fight had to get out, and the consequence was that Smams was invited to take dinner with Mr. Wool's family.

And on Sunday Smams walked home from church with Miss Wool.

The store prospered, but Mr. Wool's health failed. One day he died. In the

THE DON'T-KNOCK CLUB.

By FRANK PARKER.



ANOTHER CHARTER MEMBER.

From our little hammer-hatchet, my! how gamblers used to catch it! There were fifteen little hammer-swats on every one's safe-door. But John Doe can now sleep quiet and the pool-room can run riot. For the Knock we used to knock with isn't knocking any more.

THE EVENING WORLD'S BIG LETTER CLUB.

Senator Depew Called Down.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I am no admirer of any head of the Police Department of this city, but I rise to remark that if Senator Depew made the remark he is reported to have made to Depew at the dinner to the Chief of Police in very bad form, no matter if he was up against the truth. And yet Senator Depew is a stickler for conventionality. What was the matter with the wine used at that dinner?

UPPER AND NETHER.

To the Editor of The Evening World: The attempt of two of the doughty children to run away from their luxurious home should serve as a lesson to the boys of children who think their own homes are not good enough and who envy rich boys and girls. But it probably won't for the average child is an unaccountable little biped, and the only person to take to heart is that served by a slipper.

MORALIST.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Can you tell me why the weather is never treated seriously by newspapers? It is certainly a serious topic, as we find it day by day, without special reference to the month just gone. But the moment a reporter is turned loose on the assignment he either develops

company, sends a man to look at the meter. The man looks and the company says he is right. I send for the State Gas Inspector—ever hear of him? He comes, looks at the meter and charges me 30 cents for the experiment. Do I win or lose?

TERASICUL.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Is there any record of an ugly woman ever having been a suicide? On your decision hangs a cold bottle.

For City Gas.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Now that the city is being torn up from stem to stern for the tunnel, why not have the city save money by using the excavations to put in gas mains and start a cheap yet paying municipal gas plant? We should thus save money; the city would make money. Such a chance of doing it cheaply may not come again for a long time.

P. C. PIESBERRY, Jr.

Decline of Holidays.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I notice that this past Decoration Day seemed observed with less spirit than usual. It is my belief that the average holiday of a patriotic or social nature is declining in interest. We are getting bored and tired of old holidays, and nothing but new ones will excite our faded palates. We are as fickle a race as the French themselves.

T. MICHAEL BARR.

The Guarding of Presents.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Another case appears of the theft of wedding presents. Considering that thieves make such a specialty of stealing wedding presents, isn't it about time for young married people to take warning and to use some sort of discretion about guarding them? Will they never learn by experience?

B. A. CARTER.

THE LIVING SEA.

HOW like the city is unto the sea! The mighty wave of commerce breaks and beats In restless surges through the city streets, Swayed by the master tide of energy.

How many derelicts, long morn to morn, Drift at the mercy of the wind and wave— The flotsam and the jetsam of the pave— Deserted,udderless and tempest-torn!

Here move great argosies with gold and bales— Stanch ships that dare the cunning current's might— And through their long processions dart the light, Swift pleasure craft with sun-embellished sails.

Yet am I minded only of one thing: How much—how much these smiling waters drown. Dear God, what wrecks this very day went down, Unhailed, unannounced, and un-signalling!

—Theodosia Garrison, in Atlantic's Magazine.

THE LIVING SEA.

HOW like the city is unto the sea! The mighty wave of commerce breaks and beats In restless surges through the city streets, Swayed by the master tide of energy.

How many derelicts, long morn to morn, Drift at the mercy of the wind and wave— The flotsam and the jetsam of the pave— Deserted,udderless and tempest-torn!

Here move great argosies with gold and bales— Stanch ships that dare the cunning current's might— And through their long processions dart the light, Swift pleasure craft with sun-embellished sails.

Yet am I minded only of one thing: How much—how much these smiling waters drown. Dear God, what wrecks this very day went down, Unhailed, unannounced, and un-signalling!

—Theodosia Garrison, in Atlantic's Magazine.

THE LIVING SEA.

HOW like the city is unto the sea! The mighty wave of commerce breaks and beats In restless surges through the city streets, Swayed by the master tide of energy.

How many derelicts, long morn to morn, Drift at the mercy of the wind and wave— The flotsam and the jetsam of the pave— Deserted,udderless and tempest-torn!

Here move great argosies with gold and bales— Stanch ships that dare the cunning current's might— And through their long processions dart the light, Swift pleasure craft with sun-embellished sails.

Yet am I minded only of one thing: How much—how much these smiling waters drown. Dear God, what wrecks this very day went down, Unhailed, unannounced, and un-signalling!

—Theodosia Garrison, in Atlantic's Magazine.

THE LIVING SEA.

HOW like the city is unto the sea! The mighty wave of commerce breaks and beats In restless surges through the city streets, Swayed by the master tide of energy.

How many derelicts, long morn to morn, Drift at the mercy of the wind and wave— The flotsam and the jetsam of the pave— Deserted,udderless and tempest-torn!

Here move great argosies with gold and bales— Stanch ships that dare the cunning current's might— And through their long processions dart the light, Swift pleasure craft with sun-embellished sails.

Yet am I minded only of one thing: How much—how much these smiling waters drown. Dear God, what wrecks this very day went down, Unhailed, unannounced, and un-signalling!

—Theodosia Garrison, in Atlantic's Magazine.

THE LIVING SEA.

HOW like the city is unto the sea! The mighty wave of commerce breaks and beats In restless surges through the city streets, Swayed by the master tide of energy.